act Plays Interest Gotham Eugene Walters's Powerful Social Drama, "Paid

The Day of Dupes" Pretentiously Staged

Dramatists Write Failures

Would You Do?" and "The Last Resort" Lack the Necessary Power for Big Successes.

By Vanderheyden Fyles

Hessard Short Laurette Taylor Emelle Melville Yvonne Jarrette

Milton Sills,
A Hyron Beasier
Richle Ling
Robert MacKay
John L Arthur
Karl Rlifer
Louise Drew
Gindyn Wynne
Besule Barriecaie
Haitle Russell
Allice Carrington

Deuglas J. Wood
Franklyn Hauns
Ernest Eiten
Philip Leigh
Edward Kummeren
Prank Hewlett
Norman Hleks
Virginta Pearson
Lucilie La Verse
Marguerite Ekirvin

Holbrook Bilinn rather scole ek of appreciation of ind now, fast upon rable Irish girl before New let her go. Miss Taylor to vary the monotony, aband, author of Peg. e dissimilar one-act plays tersion. And though one ntirely missarried, the net vever it succeeded in rest Taylor, is as good an entra as any visible at this opstrating that the comeng associated with the star constitute the best stock ince the heyday of the old md, above all, proves conthere never has been If there had been any ich there hever has been all since the first time I had Laurette Taylor is one amanding geniuses of the strionic age. Her place agaret Anglin, Mrs. Eiske Mariowe in the leadership perican stage, and she has that one of those accesses—the art of complete iton. People who have I thore than one part know. ore than one part know visualization of three

forced attention to that any Biblical purpose, the be first and the first shall at us be done with the one a delightful afterneon, hit came last in the bill of Dupes. designated as Y. was tremendously portist we were plunged into thile a cello, with a plano ment, "discoursed aweet nen the curtain was lifted if feet from the floor, dispected of dense blackness, mall oval light increased until Mes Taylor's face. inal oral light increased until Miss Taylor's face though her form was lack that made her appear ouriain belind her. In a dious, commanding voice contain behind her. In a slous, commanding voice a long poem that did not near much, but was operations about itself. The which it was most inthe the reiterated declaration parker was "the Queen of which information came of every stanza in an echo Snow's poetic eulogies of ence on the Road of An-

Induction, "from the col-m of the late Eric Mac-reduced us to a groveling thelpation of Mr. Manations message, the cur i more drappries. There ere of a grayish green to was fairly littered wit lamps, suggestive of a furthe basement. Brief, the last word to asso-us ponderous allegory) this penderous allegory; had bidden the four mer tun her lovers since he ther girllood convent ther on her birthday wher girthood convent to her on her birthday:
who had been the first to a financier, a politician mateur, with whom, at one ler, she had gone on yacht-traveled in Europe. She into a fortune and decided them all, paying back to she had cost him. But yelope of money she handlong, long lecture, pages of moral and philosophical in heavy as an English of moral and philosophical as heavy as an English ding. Finally, when she the last of them "our, se night!" she turned on audience. Suggesting a sticated Peter Pan, she at to us not to believe in to help her walk the ad narrow path. In what sta to assist was not quite is looked more or less easy

p to it, inasmuch as her

maid, carrying a large level case, brought a cloak to throw over the courtesan's rich evening gown and followed her to the ilmousine that was snorting at the door. The car, evidently, was to take her to "the heights," Limousines and allegory don't mix.

BUT before dropping that play and

B passing on to happy recollection of the other two, I must mention that it was put on with such elegance and taste, and acted for so much, much more than it was worth, that there were moments when it was almost impressive. Expelle Melville, as the maid, and Hassard Short, H. Keeves-Smith, Clarence Handyside and Reginald Mason, as the several levers, stood up to reams of platitudes in the mest approved fashion. No actors could have been talked at more consummately. And Miss Taylor delivered the sermons with a perfect diction, a melodious volce and a larke, authoritative tragic style worthy of Phedre of Electra.

There was nothing whatsoever in common between that impersonation and the one with which Miss Taylor's afternoon began. In the allegory she was regal and remote, and she seemed to gain in inches by the sween of her gown and the masses of black hair piled on her well-polsed head. In "Jual as Well" she was a two-headed, brainless butterfly of fashion. She wore a riding-habit that accentuated her modish slouch, and a "bowler" much too large for her was pulled down over her straw-colored hair to her varuous prattle. A matron (Emelle Melville) was calling on her and they were chatting of her forthcoming marriage. The girl, who converted all her "ris" to "wis" in her drawling talk did not know whether she was picased or not with it-all she was sure of was that she took an avaricious delight in the wedding presents, displayed on tables about the room. "Marriage," said the matron, "is like an egg—if there's any doubt, there's no doubt."

By the time she had gone and the fiance had bobbed in, Doleen was pretty sure she did not want to go on with the ceremony. And it was clear that the young man felt the same way. But, what with her lisp and an impediment in his speech, it took them a long time to reach that admission. In each case a new fascinator had come along. Unbetrothed, they became confidential. However, Doleen's Interest in her unseen Claude Denby rather froze up when she learned hed did not have his boas

the park, uch merit as this little play pos-ses lies in the author's wit, which has fashioned into pointed darts; I Miss Melville, in a minor way, Miss Taylor and Hassard Short, with constraints art, drove every me home to the hill. The whole ling was more like one of those artoons of langorous, dull society that George du Maurier used to do for Punch. Mr. Manners has caught the spirit exactly, and Miss Taylor and Mr. Short more than seconded him, playing with just the right tings of travesty, but with an unerring fidelity to type.

A LTHOUGH starting in rather A the same key of fashionable boredom, the second play, "Happiness," was wholly different in mood and purpose. A young New York widow, daughter of a "captain of finance," had never known what it was to want anything without immediately receiving it. Life had been purposeless since babyhood. She no longer went to the theater because she was 'not interested in disease"; she found Arnold Bennett 'as insular as a London 'bus" and Bernard Sha w to merely "edit his great predecessors," and that there had been "no new tendency in Italian music in the hast fifty years." The son of another rich man looked in on her. He was as bored as she. That morning he had received his divorce. That they would ultimately marry seemed likely, but they did not appear enough interested to talk about the probability, his proposed that they go out to dinner together; she said she would wear a new gown, such things being as near as anything in her languid life to events; and he went away to dress. Now, let me hasten to repeat that this slightly similar situation was written and was acted in a wholly different mood from that in "Just as Well." That was travesty; this was truth, And it might have been rather wantsome truth had an actress less brilliant than Vielet Kemble Coopersconded. In time, by that peer of Charles Wyndham in ligh comedy, H. Reeves-Smith-played the long praparatory scene with rare skill. Miss Kemble, long, thin, blonde, essentially fatrician, made one believe in the hardly credible woman, and she made a figure of impressive beauty. And Mr. Reeves-Smith-played the long praparatory scene with rare skill. Miss Kemble, long, thin, blonde, essentially fatrician, made one believe in the hardly credible woman, and she made a figure of impressive beauty. And Mr. Reeves-Smith not only brought distinction to the role of the blase, useless, but not brainless son of the rice, but gave a beautiful woman. But Miss Taylor, taking to heart the truism that a jewel shines the brighter in a worthy settling, witsely employs the best uncurabl

scious weariness. While the woman to whom the new gown was to serve as an event was in an adjoining room, Jenny succumbed to the temptation of trying on the new hat and of holding the dress before her own form, reflected in a mirror. Heturn-

in Full," to Be Seen at the American Monday



Scene showing Tully Marshall and Caroline French in Eugene Walters's powerful social drama, ''Paid in Full,' 'a five-part motion picture production which comes to the American theater Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

ing, the Patrician beauty saw this and, petulantly, told the girl to take the gown and hat back to the establishment. Jenny begged her not to do that, it would mean her "job." Finally Mrs. Chrystal-Pole relented. Then she dressed for dinner, the shop girl remaining and assisting, to see if any niterations were required. She was smilling back the sobs that had come up at the thought of losing her job, but she was smilling, too; and all the time she was limply as a child in admiration of the beautiful lady in the gown she would have loved.

RANKLY, I cannot tell you just how the exquisite Mrs. Chrystal-Pole and Shabby Jenny got seated side by side on a sofa, and the girl began to unfold the way to happiness. She "pretended" a lott-she could be a great lady in her fancy, even if the girls at the shop did laugh at her and call her "Shabby" Jenny and then there were such insterial joys as Sundays brought, when she could stay abed until 8 o'clock and they silways had chicken and cake for dinner. Then too, there were the "movies," though she went only to the "swell ones, where they have coronations and things." having tired of the other kind secases in them "every girl who gets six dollars a week goes wrong." I can't tell you how Jenny got started on her naive story, because by that time my eyes were so blurred with toars that I could not see the stage. And so were hundreds of other eyes. But all the time we were lauching. The ignorant shopgirl, with her make-believe world and her keen appreciation of the crumbs of happiness that fell to her, was so trusting, childlike and affectionate with her story that we had to laugh all the time our hearts went out to her. And there were so many little confidences, at once ludicrous and heartrending, in the recital of the poor girl who had everything, to the pampered beauty who had nothing. We laughed at first whou Jenny said that one day, ten years ago, her father went to work, as usual, but never came back to their flat in Brooklyn. Some thought we had been killed: but her mother did not, and almost every day her mother took a ride in the subway. Scrutinging every man, in the hope it might be her missing husband. "And on Sundays, we, mother and I, can ride all day in the subway. Scrutinging every man, in the hope it might be her missing husband. "And on Sundays, we laughed: the subway. Brooklyn and—a tragedy'. Mrs. Chrystal-Pole's friend returned for dinner. But he came upon a different woman; she had seen through trusting, hopeful eyes where happiness may be found; at last, she had a purpose. She asked Jenny to stay to dinner with them; to s I how the exquisite Mrs. Chrys-tal-Pole and Shabby Jenny got seatnately elegant guest, Shabby Jenny sald, as simply as a baby but with an unconscious note of self-respect that literally spoke volumes: "I don't know whether she'll come; Mother is very proud."

It is with such simple, sketchy words as those that the great art of Laurette Taylor is able to make us see into a soul, and to keep us laughing and crying and adoring her all the while.

IT ought to be some consolation to IT ought to be some consolation to the unacted dramatist to realize, as he gazes into his cupboard of rejected manuscripts, that when he does make his "hit" he will have a store of ammunition with which to meet the managerial onslaught. But there is danger. Augustin MacHugh made such an austicious debut with "Officer 868" that it was only just to look for something above the average in his second play. Yet it is difficult to find anything worthy of much praise in "What Would You Do?" which had been acted tentatively under the title of "Value Received" in New Bedford and a few other sastern cities. It is only fuir to Mr. MacHugh to assume he wrote it long before the police farme, for it is as crude a play as has been acted on Broadway in many a day. The idea is not had—that of showing the experience of an embezzier, turned criminal for a more or less sympathetic cause, who, when the moment of exposure seems at hand, neither gives himself up to punishment nor blows out his brains, but fights the lisue, conquers it and donates his ill-gotten gains to charity.

But, of, Mr. MacHugh, the clumsy way in which you tell your tale! And the Laura Jean Libbey language in your moments of intensity! You the unacted dramatist to realize,

But, oh, Mr. MacHugh, the clumsy way in which you tell your tale! And the Laura Jean Libbey language in your moments of intensity! You should take several of your actors aside and thank them heartly for saving your third act from blowing up in a burst of riducule—A. Byron Neasley and, especially. Militon Sills, for throwing so much virility and sincerity into their parts that one was stunned into respect. For the rest, Bessie Barriscale, in the principal female role, was completely snowed under by as had a role—because the author had falled to put into it any clew as to what the woman thought or felt at any given moment—as a leading actress has been burdened with this season; Gladya Wyrme and Louise Drew filled small parts admirably, and the rest of the company were at least as good as the play deserved.

served.
In the first act a great number of In the lifst act a great number of persons, more or less reisted, talked a lot of twaddle over dinner. By the lime the curtain had fallen, you had deduced the following facts: Herbert Hostage (Milton Siller), had a write who cooked the danner, also he had a sister who was loved by the "comeony relief." Mrs. Hostage had a sister, presumably courted by a wealthy



Miss Marjoric Rambeau, who with Willard Mack will appear at the Salt Lake theater for four nights and Saturday matinee, beginning next Wed-

tion made it evident to everyone except those most concerned that he really coveted the wife and used the maiden sister only as a blind. In the second act the Hostages had moved from their thexpensive flat to a rich apartment furgished in the best palace-car taste. Everybody went a lot to the opera, and talked about "society people." It was evident that the young husband, plunging desperately in Wall street, would return for the climax to announce his ruin just as his wife was smoothing on new gloves to go to the opera with the other man. He did. But the chief uproar occurred in the next act, when he put over a clever scheme that not only gave him back the large sum he had stolen from his bank, but \$300,000 profit on a Wall street deal. With wealth, he immediately turned virtuous. He would restore it to the bank. Then, as a test, he asked his wife what she would do—would she accept such ininted money? Like the chumhermaid in "General John Regan," she said: "I might." Whereupon her husband choked her. Then he retired to a chicken farm and talked about a home for crippled "kiddles." One by one the characters, good and had, came to the farm and, with beautiful expressions, "spoke pleces" like little Eva at the point of death. Finally the rejected wife arrived. But size said to her husband, still maundering about "kiddles" in the woods: "Let us start all over again!" I can tell you no more, as, fearing she might be as good as her word, I reached for my hat and fled from the theater.

GEORGE SCARBOROUGH Is an

GEORGE SCARBOROUGH is an American dramatist whose case is even more acute than Mr. MacHugh's. Before the present season, while began with his sensational melodrama of "The Lure," he was quite unknown to theaterdom: "The Last Resort." produced this week, is his third play to reach New York, A dark hint had been circulated to the effect that the drama was of so bold—nay, even revolutionary—a nature that no manager had the courage to produce it. So the doughty Mr. Scarborough himself stepped up and braved all responsibility. (There is some significance in the fact that both these authors, and others recently, when refused a hearing for some play through the usual courses, should risk the money they have made in that same way.)

Mr. Scarborough, who scorns a pen and writes his dramas with a muckrake, has now come forward to unmask the judiciary as fearlessly as he "exposed" the white slave traffic. The story that serves to reveal the iniquities of our high tribunals concerns a young lawyer (Wilson Melrose), who is fighting a great corporation, represented by George Faweett as a wicked senator. (You understand that when I say the corporation, represented by George Faweett as a wicked senator. (You understand that when I say the corporation is represented by Mr. Fawcett. I have no reference to that admirable actor's figure.) To "gain his ends," the senator stops at nothing: even to getting our hero into jail and his sweetheart sentenced to the penitentiary—a dastardly thing to do, you blackguerd, for the girl is no less lovely a creature than Olive Wyndham. But the man who loves her fights the corrupt judges from his cell, is elected governor of his state, and through one honest justice—Mr. Scarborough allows there is one, just for contrast!—is enabled to clap as many characters of the cast into the lock-up as a Shakespearean hero leaves dead on the stage at the final curtain.

"The Last Resort" leads us through a judge's private chambers and lis courtroom, a private consultation in

curtain.

"The Last Resort" leads us through a fudge's private chambers and his courtroom, a private consultation in the appellate court, and a cell in the county fall, all of some unnamed state capital; and it may be said to be harmless amusement for people who like to study government in red ink. I once asked a friend why she read a certain notoriously unreliable read a certain notoriously unreliable. ink. I once asked a friend why she read a certain notoriously unreliable "yellow journal." "Of course, I don't believe anything it says," she answered, "but the newspapers would be so dull if they stuck to the bare truth." I saw her in the audience at "The Last Resort," and she seemed enthrailed. For people incapable of seeing the tragedy and humanity and vast significance in the truth presented simply, but who must have the lights and shades get up and hit them in their faces and red streak everywhere. Mr. Scarborough's Vesurian eruptions are the very thing. And the supreme court will not mind.

WHAT effect have three decades WHAT effect have three decades on a drama once held in high esteem? Some help toward answering that has been given by two matiness of the week, at which successes of the famous little old Madison Square theater, now but a memory, were brought to light. Frankly, i doubt whether "Prince Karl," by the late Archibald Clavering Gunter, was ever deemed more than an amusing, ephemeral farce, and it surely would not have been kept alive until a half dozen years ago had it not had the good fortune to be associated with half dozen years ago had it not had the good fortune to be associated with Richard Mansfield's fame. When he produced it, in May, 1858, the character of the German nobleman disguised as a courier and employed by a family of vulgar Americans, enabled him to make one of his first "hits", but it is to be remandered that the Mansfield of that day was not a star of much consequence, coming to New York only as a "summer attraction," to fill in while the regular Madison Square company was restins. Mansfield, as most people know, began as a drawing-room entertainer, with a repertoire of comic and sentimental songs, to which he played his own accompaniment, and monologues and recitations. These he introduced into the third act of 'Prince Karl,' thus greatly augmenting the popularity of the farce; but in later years, whether through a sense of dignity or mere laxiness, he dropped his "speciality," though he continued to zive a lew performances of 'Prince Karl," when playing repertoire sensons. For the benefit of the City History club, and under distinguished patronage, Douglas J. Wood, an accomplished actor, undertook the Mansfield role, one zfternoon last week, with Virginia Pearson and Ludille La Verne in the cast. Andneed I add?—after the play there was tea and general dancing.

Although "Broken Hearts," by the late W. S. Gilbert, del not appear at the Madison Square until February 12, 1855, it was written six years earlier and acted at the London Haymarket, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as the youthful lovers. G. W. Anson (A. E. Anson's father) as the deformed, strange Mousts, and Bessie Hollingshead as the pathetic Laig Yavir. Over here those characters were filled by Louis Nasson, the late Mule Harrison, the late W. J. Le-Moyne and Annie Russell, respectively. Mus Russell greatly adding to her girlish fame as Lady Vavir, in soite of being older than Mr. Gunter's play, sir William's is sure to last nuch longer, for it holds a place in Histrature, though the youthful manswer, and he were her half as a seried on the respec



Mary Pickford at the Rex. Most popular motion picture actress, who appears as "Nina," the little Spanish castaway, with the Famous Players in Daniel Frohman's production of "Hearts Adrift," opening at the Rex the-

and his wife reach her she jumps with her baby to death in the volcano.

The deep tragedy of the finale is re lieved by the great dramatic strength of the story and occasional flashes of comedy in the man's unsuccessful at-tempts to catch the half-clad, elfin-like girl, who dashes into the surf and outswims him and successfully evades his

pursuit again and again.

The play is hailed as another Mary Pickford triumph. The story, told in the primitive outdoors and by the sea, finds strength in its very simplicity and in the girl's marvelous skill as an act-ress. One scene that will thrill is where she wins the friendship of the wolf, her gentleness finally overcoming the savage nature of the brute and holding him to her until she sobs out her grief

over the grave of the animal.

The backgrounds are remarkable for natural beauty and the photography will delight the councissour.

The picture will be accompanied by

special music by the Rex theater all-soloist orchestra, under the direction of

George Klink.

Today's feature at the Rex is "For the Family Honor," a two-part Rex drama, in which a crook, masquerading as a nobleman, is exposed through the sacrifice of a reformed woman.

FIVE PART film version of Eu gene Walters's powerful social drama, "Paid in Full," is heralded for showing in this cit American theater, mencing tomorrow and running for three days, "Paid in Full" as a play was the surprise of its particular season, the hit and salvation of its season, and one of the strongest melodramas of recent years. The New York Dramatic Miror in speaking of the motion picture production of 'Paid in Full,' said: 'It is the height of film artistry that shows us the character of the people in the story by 'ac-tion' and not by subterfuge of printed explanations. It once more makes 'his-

happy maidens are made sadly happy. However, this does not last; for Lady Hilda's love, who sailed off to Lady Hilds's love, who sailed off to sea and never returned, was this same Prince Florian. He reveals himself. The malders, enraptured by his besu-ty, desert their symbols for love of the living man. His heart, though, belongs to Lady Hilds: so the others are disconsolate, unloved by human man and yet bereft of their dream-world and imaginary idols; and the Lady Vavir, tenderest, most ethereal of them sil fades away and dies.

Lady vavir, tenderest, most einerest of them all fades away and dies.

Lady constance stewartrichardson, who carries her art in her feet, has taken the step from vaudeville to a cabaret. Her tootsie-wootsies, by the way, are so sacred that when she weats shoes-which is rare—she favors boots that might fit John L. Sullivan; perhaps they are the famous Seven League boots and simplify the step from an ancestral eastle to a rathskeller in a Broadway celler? At the latest restaurant on the Great White Way, after somehow having sat your way through "Julius Caesar" or one of those mecessary hores," you can watch the bare feet and ankles of the daughter of an earl. Caviar and toenalls is not entirely my idea of an ideal supper; but, then, there are tastes and tastes. The last—and only other time—I went to a barefoot restaurant was in San Francisco's Chinatown, where I was lurad into an underground joint to eat chop suey. At a table across from me was a steny-faced Chinaman pushing tice from a bowl into his face with chop-aticke, and, the while, intertwining the toes of his bare feet in sublime contentment.

and, the walle, intertwining the toes of his bare feet in sublime contentment.

However that Chinaman's feet were clean, while Lady Constance's well not. Provious to her ladyship's "specialty," we all had been tangoing or hesiuting or one-stepping on the dance floor, and some of us had not gone in taxis. The slushy sidewalks on Broadway were of that generally grimy shade that does not make 'Snow, snow, beautiful snow!' one of New York's favorite poems, When the time for Lady Constance's appearance came, and we had been shooted back to our tabes and champagne and squab (or sandwich and beer!), calcium lights were trained on that same floor where but now we trod in innocent semidarkness. Then Lady Constance burst into view, her feet and legs, to her knees, were bare, and the rest of her diaphanous gown was—well, it ill comported with the blizzard outside. Two dances brought her close to the lawlest diner—a slip of one of her nude feet and some mere American might have had a peeress in his soup. And at the end, when Lady Constance practically lay on the floor, her aristocratic feet were revealed to be as black as any newsboy's.

Just to think of the old, ingenuous days when we used to go to a restaurant merely to eat.

AT THE THEATERS | Dramatic Comment

The recent zero weather, which has overwhelmed the country, has been particularly hard on the traveling players, who are usually more exposed to it, than any other professional men and women. In spite of the tropical character of the 'Garden of Allah' with its vivid picture of the heatblown sand storm of the desert, the natives of the Sahara, who travel with the show, have suffered least of all. It is said that there is no more penetrating chill than that which sweeps over the desert after sundown, and the Arabs find the zero weather of the United States, therefore, most conge-United States, therefore, most congenial. Their theory is that if the lungs and chest are well covered they will be immune from colds. Even their bare legs have been warm in the coldest

Her salad days are over. Miss Margaret Romaine, the Utah girl who has made such a tremendous hit as the 'Midnight Girl' at the Forty-fourth Street theater, has decided to change her name. This is the process through which not only she, but her sisters, has decore through the constitution of the street was the constitution. have gone through successfully before:
The family name is Tout. Her sister Hazel was Hazel Tout before the
English composer, Paul Rubens,
changed her name to Hazel Dawn.

(Continued on Pollowing Page.)

tory repeat itself.'" It is generally pronounced by every critic of the industry as the greatest acting cast, the most remarkable photography, the most gripping story, the most carefully directed of motion pictures, yet to have been made in America. The cast is a notable one and is dignified by many who appeared in the original Broadway production. Tully Marshal plays Joe Brooks and opposite him as Emms, his wife, is Caroline French. Williams, and George Irving plays Jimsey, the most lovable character in the play. These four people practically comprise the cast. They carry the thread of the story and every scene depends upon one of the four. Louis Reeves Harrison is the author of the scenario and the production was produced under the personal direction of Augustus Thomas.

A brief resume of the story will be of interest. Captain Williams, who has long coveted Emma, just married to Joe Brooks, as schemas that Joe makes.

or interest. Capitain williams, who has long covered Emma, just married to Joe Brooks, so schemes that Joe makes large thefts from him. Joe, faced with the penitentiary, wills completely, and knowing what it means, sends Emma to knowing what it means, sends Emma to see the captain and intercede for him. Jimsey, friend of Emma and Joe, tells the captain that if Emma does not come out of his room smiling, the captain's life will be the price. Emma succeeds in arousing the captain's better instincts, Joe is allowed to go his way and later we see Emma and Jim hamily married. happily married.
"Paid in Full" is a film triumph and

there has not been one dissenting voice to detract from the unstinted and unan-imous compliment which has been acimous compliment which has been accorded the motion picture version. The production comes in five parts and will be shown at the American theater to-morrow, Tuesday and Wednesday. A special musical accompaniment is being arranged by Professor McClellan for this production. The performances will be continuous from 12 noon to 11 p. m.

RAGING fire which destroys a house and causes the death of an unscrupulous scoundrel, forms the climax of the extraordinary two part Kalem feature, "The Shadow of Guilt." This thrilling picture will be shown at the Mebesy Sunday, one day only, and should be seen by every photoplay patron who likes pictures erammed with action. According to the story, Henry Van Dam, a millionaire, wills his fortune to Arnold, his secretary, when his niece. Emily, marries against his wishes. Arnold is anxious to gain possession of the money and tries to poison his employer. This failing, he imprisons the old man in the garret of his mansion, giving out the report that Van Dam has gone abroad. Emily's husband grows suspicious and the climax of the extraordinary report that Van Dam has gone abroad. Emily's husband grows suspicious and is eventually the means of saving the millionaire, while the villain meets retribution. "The Lovely Senorita" is an Edison comedy, being one of the famous Wood B. Wood series. This time Wood B. goes to Central America looking for a wife. The part of the senorita is charmingly portrayed by Mabel Trunella. A Lubin drama, picturing the harm caused by gossiping tonguis entitled "The Windfall" ar an interesting story of two girls, their troubles and final tri